The Shepheards Lamentation.

To the tune of the plaine-dealing Woman.

COme Shepheards, decke your heads,
no more with bayes but willowes
Forsake your downy beds,
and make your ground your pillowes:
And mourne with me, since croft
as I, was never no man:
For never Shepheard so, so, so, lost,
so plaine a dealing woman.

All you forsaken lovers,
that ever were distressed,
And all you lusty Louers,
that ever love molested,
Your losse I must condole,
and all together summon,
To mourne for the poore soule,
of my plaine dealing woman.

Faire Venus made her chast,
and Ceres beauty gave her:
Pan wept when she was lost,
and Satyres swam to have her:
But oh she was to them
so nice, so coy, that no man,
Could judge but he that knew, knew, knew,
she was plaine dealing woman.

For all her pretty parts,
I never enough shall wonder,
She overcame all hearts,
and all hearts made to wonder.
Her breath it is so sweet,
so sweet the like felt no man,
Oh, Shepheards never so, so lost,
as plaine a dealing woman.

Her eyes did shine like glasse,
to grace her comely feature:
Faire Venus she did farre surpasse,
she was a comely creature.
[illegible] say,
never yet was no one:
[illegible]
[illegible] dealing Woman.

So beautifull was she,
in favour and in feature:
Her well shapt limbs did showe,
she was a comely creature:
What griefe was this to me,
iudge all true hearted young men:
To have so great als, so, losse,
of my plaine dealing woman.

Diana faire and chast,
on her might well attend,
A Nimph she was at least,
and to Shepheards a great friend:
And oh she was so kind,
as never yet was no one,
A man could hardly find, find, find,
so plaine a dealing woman.

So courteous she she was,
I and so kind to all men:
What better pleasure could you wish,
then so plaine a dealing woman:
But now alas shees gone
it makes my heart to pitty:
Oh there was never such an one, one, other wench
in Country as in City.

Mine Shepheards all farewell,
since death hath me of taken:
Unto the world pray tell,
that I am quite forsaken,
And so to all adue,
goe forth I pray and summon,
The flanting crew to mourne for me,
and my plaine dealing woman.

Put on your mourning weeds,
and bring the wreath of willow:
Goe tell the world I am dead,
and make the ground my pillow.
And sing, sing sang, sing sang.
sing song, adew,
Love pan no more so so long,
but change each day a new.

Come Shepheards leave your sighing
and wipe away your teares,
And let be fall to piping,
to drive away all cares:
For though that she be gone,
that was so faire a good one,
Yet once more may we find,
as plaine a dealing woman.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

YE Siluan Nimphes come trip it,
and crowne your heads with Mirtle:
ye faire Ewes come trip it,
on earths imbroydered kirtle.
And you Driades,
which haunt the coolest Fountaines:
Come leaue your siluer shadie greues,
and spaet it in the Mountaines.

For lo the Gods obtaine it,
that wonders shall possesse her:
And Nature did decree it,
when she with life did blesse her.
The Queene of Loue disdaind not,
faire Phillis for her feature,
For all the world containd not,
so rare a comely creature.

Diana made her chaft,
and Pallas made her witty:
The Goddesse Ceres grae't
her heart with loue and pitty.
The Muses did select her,
to grace their learned number:
And Venus did elect her,
the onely beautious wonder.

When Ioue beheld her beauty,
his Leda did repent him:
Ioue thought that in loues duty,
she onely did content him.
And Phœbus blusht to know it,
that Daphne had abusd him,
For lo, her worth did show, that
deserties she refusd him.

Pan was enamoured on her,
his Syrynx could not please him:
And when he looke vpon her,
her very sight did ease him:
The Satyre mourn'd to misse her,
whom all the world admired:
Siluanus wisht to kisse her,
whom greatest Gods desired.

Cupid his Psyche left,
to feed his eies vpon her,
Of Godlike power bereft,
that her he more might honour.
His bow and shafts he gaue her,
wherewith she wounds all hearts
So well she doth behaue her,
like loue in all his parts.

I list no more to praise her,
whom heauen and earth admire,
A loftier Muse must raise her,
whose verse can mount vp higher:
A golden pen must write it,
dipt in the Muses Fountaine,
And they themselues in it it,
vpon their sacred Mountaine.

Then O ye Shepheards Swaines,
with garlands deck your bonnets,
And let th' Arcadian plaines,
ring forth with Lyrick Sonats:
Come tune your rurall voyces,
to chant her matchlesse merits,
Whose faire excreds all beauties,
the spacious world inherits.

FINIS.

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